

Walls Can Talk

Sarah Murrell

I watch you sleep in the lazy midmorning.
A golden tide engulfs cotton shores
while the sun whisks the white off the snowy sill
and drizzles it over exposed shoulders, and they drink it in.
Curious feet poke out of the sheets to garner the daylight,
while your lungs sip the air in a sluggish ebb and flow.
At the edge, yellow tendrils reach for the floor with their idle ends
and the lashes cast willowy shadows over your cheeks,
on which lingers a last glittering suggestion
of what is to be forgotten by the mind,
and remembered by the face, by the feet, by the bolder blood
hours after the crimes of zestful youth have been committed.
And when at last they come to sweep you away,
when they muster at your bedside to gather up your light
and pour your brash ebullience into that indifferent box
when they unfurl your many flags for all to stain and shred,
they shall talk aloud to no one and me,
but I shall not speak a word.